

More Than Silence

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Summary: Dagur is still after Hiccup and his Night Fury. He decides to approach it a different way and asks a girl, that goes by Senta the Silent, to help him. However, she refuses and enrages the Berserker/Outcast chief.

1. Another Plan

Chapter 1: Another Plan

"I came up with an excellent plan and it fails. Again. It's all those dumbasses' fault." he mumbled angrily. "I need to approach this another way. I need to get that **NIGHT FURY!**" he growled and threw a dagger at a drawing on the wall. "I need something to lure them here. Or I could get someone to do it for me." he grinned mischievously. He opened the door and shouted at the nearest Vikings. "You two! I need you to get Senta for me."

They nodded and scurried to get the girl.

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'Where are these bastards taking me?' the girl thought. They had pulled her away from what she had been doing and dragged her to their great hall.

They pushed the wooden doors to reveal the Berserkers' chief, Dagur, who was now also the Outcasts' chief as well. He was pacing back and forth, waiting for them to arrive.

"You can unhand her." he told them. "Just make sure she doesn't leave this room." They obeyed and let go of her arms. Quickly, they slammed the doors shut and stood guard.

The teenage girl just glared at the Viking in front of her, wondering why he wanted to see her.

"Senta." he smiled, trying to show her kindness.

"What do you want?" she spat, not fooled by what he was trying to do.

"It's nice to see you again. How long where you gone?" he asked.

"A couple of months." she answered. "But I came back in time to witness your failure of capturing the boy you're after."

"I don't just want the boy! I want the Night Fury as well!" he yelled angrily. The Vikings, guarding the door, flinched at his voice, but the girl remained calm. "I mean," he cleared his throat and said in a calmer tone. "I have a job for you. I need you to-"

"Yea, no." she interrupted. "I know what you want me to do. Alvin attempted it and failed."

"But I'm not Alvin." he cut in.

"Still, I don't want to be part of you're plan. I am not going to help you catch that Night Fury."

"What if I put lives on the line?" he asked, stroking the blade of his sword. "What if I threaten to kill the one's you love?"

"If you haven't noticed, everyone I love is gone." she answered darkly.

"What about my sister? I've noticed you have become really attached to her."

"You won't hurt her." she scoffed. "We-" she lowered her voice, "I mean I know you care about her. I knew you would make sure nothing happened to her." she whispered to him.

He quickly put the blade against her neck and told the two Vikings to leave them alone and guard from the outside.

"Don't you dare say that to anyone." he hissed.

"Don't worry. I won't tell anyone about your soft side. You're secret is safe with me." she said as she pushed him away. "Just like everyone else's." she murmured.

He looked at her and huffed. "Fine. If you won't assist me, then I'll just throw you in jail. That is, until you change your mind." He grabbed her arm and hauled her out of the Great Hall, to the jail. He commanded the Outcast in charge of the prisoners to open one of the cells. He did as he was told and Dagur pushed Senta inside. He slammed the door in her face and smirked. "It's not too late to change your pretty little mind." he told her.

"I'd rather stay in this cell and rot." she answered, turning around and laid down on the cold, stone bench.

Dagur punched the wall and growled at her response. "You little bitch." he muttered through the bars. He turned to leave. "Keep an eye in her. She can be real sneaky." he told the guard before he left

the jail. The Outcast nodded at his new chief and frowned at the girl, who had stood up and peeked through the bars, watching Dagur leave.

2. Escape

Chapter 2: Escape

****Hey there! So I just wanted to thank you for the positive feedback.****

****To Reply those Reviews:**

>Risuchan0223: I'm glad you think so and here you have the next chapter.
2. sisters: Um, that is not going to happen, but that sounds interesting.**

****Now, on with the next chapter.****

* * *

><p>There was only one other prisoner in the jail with Senta. It was a tall, buff man. She knew who it was, without looking at him. He was one of her father's friends. He would always end up pissing Dagur off somehow, so it was no mystery that he was there.<p>

"You and Dagur seem on friendly terms." he chuckled. "So, what are you in here for?" he asked the redhead.

"**Quiet!**" barked the guard.

"I just pissed Dagur off by not agreeing to help him get a dragon." she answered casually, ignoring the guard's orders.

"I said ****'QUIET!'**" he yelled and stomped to the girl's cell. He grabbed the teen's long, red ponytail and put a knife to her throat through the bars. "Are you deaf, girly?" he hissed.

"No." she replied, unruffled to the touch of the cool blade. "I just don't take orders from anyone."

"Maybe you will if I kill you." he threatened.

"I don't think you want to do that. Dagur wants me alive, not dead. And I'm pretty sure you don't want him to give you the same fate you gave me."

He released the teenager and stared at her with anger. He stomped away and sat down on a wooden chair. He placed his legs on the table and crossed his arms. Quickly, he started to doze off.

"I don't understand how you stand up to them." the imprisoned Berserker told her.

"After visiting several different islands for awhile, I've seen almost about everything. And I've seen worse things than what happens here." she told him. He just shook his head.

"You know. It's funny how you and Dagur were so close when you were children, but now it seems like you're enemies." the Viking said.

"Why?"

"Because you don't know what he did." she answered darkly. With that, the other prisoner went to the back of his cell. Senta did the same, but she kept peeking through the bars every now and then. She kept glancing at the guard, waiting for a conformation that he was asleep. Soon, the Viking's snoring echoed through the jail. The girl's ears perked up at the noise and walked back to the bar door. "Dagur seems to never learn." she muttered as she picked the lock. "If he did, he'd know that these things can't hold me." She heard a click and smirked. She pushed the door open and stepped out.

The other prisoner heard the click as well and saw her closing the cell door. She was about to run out, when he whispered, "Aren't you going to help an old friend?"

She turned to look at him, but kept walking towards the exit. He thought that she was going to leave him there, before he heard some jingling. "Here," she handed him the keys through the metal bars. "Just make sure you leave after I lead them away." she whispered to him. "And don't get caught."

He nodded and she took off running out of the building. She dodged behind barrels and crates full of weapons. The teen made her way to the beach, where she left her rowboat. She ran over the sandy beach, searching for her escape. However, it was nowhere to be found.

"Crap," she muttered. "How am I supposed to get out of this retched island?" She stood there for a moment, wondering how she was going to leave. 'I'll just steal one of their rowboats.' she thought and headed towards the docks.

When she got there, she lurked in the shadows and glanced around. The Outcast' docks were filled with ships and Senta couldn't spot any rowboats. She knew the reason why they had that many ships. They used them to go into battle or go conquer territory, but she at least hoped to find one rowboat.

She was used to sneaking onto ships or stealing rowboats to get to her destination. But she knew that these ships wouldn't be heading anywhere soon.

She glanced around once more, when a hand landed on her shoulder. "What do you think you are doing?" the Viking asked in a gruff voice.

"Oh, you know, the usual." she answered and took off running.

***"GET HER!" **a familiar voice shouted.

She realized it was Dagur's voice and thought 'Shit.' She kept running, pushing other Vikings out of her way. She made it to the end of the dock and below was the dark, cold water.

"You thought you could escape from me, didn't you?" Dagur asked, with a evil grin on his face. He slowly approached the girl with a sword in his grip.

"Thought?" she scoffed. "I knew that I could. Cells don't keep me

inside forever."

"No, I suppose they don't. But let's see if you can escape Vahalla."

She just smirked and said, "First, let's see if you can get me there."

The chief was taken back by her comment and Senta used that to her advantage. She jumped into the water, disappearing from sight. The Vikings rushed to the side and looked around. There was no movement or sign of her in the dark water.

"Find her!" He commanded the other Vikings. "I need her alive!"

While they were searching, the redhead swam around to the other side of the island. She popped out of the ocean, dripping wet. She trudged through the water, spotting her rowboat a few meters from her.

'That's right. I hid it on this side instead of my usual place.' she thought. 'Fucking shit.' She made her way to the boat and climbed in. "Well, thank Thor that I at least found it." she mumbled to herself.

She picked up the oars and started paddling, hoping to get as far away from that island as possible.

3. Ocean

****Hey there, everyone. So, no reviews for the last chapter, but that's alright. I mean, I got more followers and that's good because more people are interested. I hope. Anyways, I know in the first two chapters I haven't given you much, but I will as the story proceeds deeper.****

****Now, on with the story.****

*** * ***

><p>The Outcast Island out of sight, but Senta kept paddling. She was slightly shivering from her earlier swim and the cool breeze wasn't helping. At least she was accustomed to feeling like this and didn't seem to mind. All she cared about was getting as far from the island.<p>

She set the oars inside the boat and stared at ocean lying all around her. "Where should we head now?" she asked herself aloud. "I'm not wanted on Outcast Island, much less Berserker Island. Dagur is probably sending a command to have me captured if they see me. But they'll never be able to catch me," she chuckled to herself. "Bastards." She picked up the oars and slowly started rowing again. "I guess I could pay a visit to the little one before I disappear again." she said, referring to Dagur's sister. "It's the least I can do for her," she said to herself, trying to lift her own spirits. Unfortunately, it didn't help. It just made her more depressed.

She couldn't help remembering about her own sibling. _"I wonder how

he's doing." _ she thought. _"I bet he's doing really well where he is. At least better than I am." _She smiled at the thought of her brother, but it disappeared as fast as it had appeared. She had always wanted to pay a visit to him but was always stopped by fear. The fear of what he would say or do if he found out that she had left him all alone for all those years.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the words, ****"There she is!"****

"Oh great," she mumbled angrily. "Here they come again."

"I'll give you one more chance, Senta." Dagur told her, his ship getting closer to the small rowboat. He stood on the bowsprit when he said, "I'll let you live if you choose to help me. Then, maybe I'll let you go afterwards."

"Do you think I actually believe all the bullshit you're telling me?" she scoffed, crossing her arms. "If you do, then you're more stupid than I thought because I rather die than help you."

"Fine," he growled. "Have it your way." He jumped back on deck and said, "Let the lady have what she wants."

Senta watched as they scurried around before she realized what they intended to do. _"Dear Thor," _she thought before she ran to the end of the rowboat farthest from Dagur's ship. His men had launched the boulders at her before she had the chance to dive into the ocean and caused her to plunge into the water.

"Wait," Dagur shout at his crew and stared at the dark water. The rowboat was destroyed and Senta was nowhere to be seen. Silence filled the air as the Vikings waited. After awhile, Dagur concluded that the redhead was dead. "That'll teach her not to mess with me," he growled. "Not that she'll need that information anymore."

The ship headed back to Outcast Island, leaving only the remains of the rowboat in the ocean.

4. Berk

****Replies to Reviews:****

****chyanne200:** Here's the next update.

>Larn555: Thank you, I'm glad you are liking it. Here's the next chapter.

* * *

><p>"She's pretty hot," Snotlout remarked, leaning in to pick her up.<p>

"Snotlout, don't touch her," hissed Astrid, slapping his arm away. "You don't know if she's dead."

"Well, she doesn't look dead. And if she is, I'll still keep her." Snotlout said and a frustrated sigh came from Astrid.

Senta woke up to the sound of the teenagers bickering. She sat up and coughed out water, her throat feeling dry. "Ugh," she groaned as she

continued to cough out the remaining of the water.

"Guys, she's awake." Ruffnut said, which captured the two arguing teens' attention.

"Are you alright?" Astrid asked.

"Yes, I'm fine." she answered, her voice hoarse.

"Here, babe." Snotlout said, handing her some water. She grabbed it, ignoring the boy, and gulped it down, relieved by the cold liquid. She gave him back the empty cup and stood up. She dusted off the sand on her skirt and undid her braid.

"Any of you have a brush or comb?" she asked, running her fingers through her tangled hair.

"Yea," Astrid said and searched through her small pouch on her hip. She handed the comb to the other girl, "Here you go." Senta took it and combed her hair before braiding it again. The teens stared at the girl, unsure of what to do.

Soon after, Hiccup and Fishlegs arrived with their dragons. They walked up to the group, wondering why they hadn't arrived at the academy. They came up to the group surrounding the redhead, Fishlegs eyes widened at the sight of the girl.

Fishlegs examined the girl from head to toe, from her boot to her skirt covered with metal tiles (like Stoick's) to the cloth she had on her arm. "Uh, Hiccup." Fishlegs stuttered. "C-Can I talk t-to you for a second."

"Sure. What is is, Fishlegs?" Hiccup asked once they moved away from the group.

"W-We need to get away from her. W-We need to tell your dad about this." he whispered, "She is ****very**** bad news."

"Fishlegs, what are you talking about?" Hiccup asked, trying to calm down his friend. "Do you know who she is?"

"Her name is Senta," he answered, "Senta the Silent. I've heard that she knows everything about everyone. If she doesn't, she can figure it out. She can find out the deepest secrets of anybody. Sometimes, it leads to killing people."

Senta overheard their conversation and said, "You're a smart boy, Fishlegs." The two boys turned and she walked over to them, smirking, while everyone watching. She placed her hands on his shoulders, causing him to tense up. She could hear his rapid breathing and grinned, pleased with how she was terrorizing him.

"PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!" the Viking screamed.

His friends flinched and Meatlug stepped forwards, growling, trying to protect her rider. "Don't worry I'm not going to kill you." She assured him and stepped away from him. Meatlug quickly stopped growling and rushed to calm down Fishlegs. "I don't kill people," she stated. "At least not yet. However, I hurt them to the point that they are waiting at Death's gate, but I don't kill anyone. So, all

you've heard isn't completely true. The thing that is true is that I _do_ know almost everything about everyone."

"Oh yea? Prove it," Tuffnut shouted.

"Alright, let's start simple." she said, smiling mischievously. She turned to each of the teens, stating their name. "Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Snotlout, Fishlegs, Astrid, and Hiccup."

"What? Anybody could figure out our names," scoffed Snotlout.

"Oh really?" Senta said, a mischevious smile curling on her lips. She walked over to him and whispered, "Well, I know that you are always trying to please your father. You'll do anything to please him because you don't want to disappoint him. You don't want to him to think you're a failure, now do you?" Snotlout's eyes shrunk back in fear, wishing he hadn't said anything. "Do you want me to continue." He shook his head, tears slowly forming.

Astrid, who was standing next to him, saw his watery eyes and asked, "Are you crying?"

"No!" Snotlout shouted, wiping away the sadness. "I'm fine!"

"Look, I'm usually the one that makes Snotlout cry. And with pain!" Astrid screeched, throwing herself at the older girl. But naturally, Senta blocked her attack, sending the girl to the floor.

"I would listen to your friend, Fishlegs. Most people run away when they see me. Others lock me up. So which one of the two are you going to do?"

"What are you doing here?" Hiccup questioned after helping his girlfriend of the sand. "Why are you here anyway?"

"I didn't choose to come here," she answered. "After all, your friends found me here unconscious. I was shipwrecked after encountering Dagur the Deranged. Which reminds me, he is still after your Night Fury."

"How do you know he's after Toothless?" Hiccup asked, getting more and more frightened by the redhead.

"He wanted my help. He wanted me to help him capture your dragon," she told him, "but I refused."

"How do we know you're not lying?" Astrid hissed.

"Why else would I tell you that I refused. If I was helping him I wouldn't be telling you all this, now would I? I would probably be with him, planning out an attack."

"Hiccup, what are we going to do with her?" Astrid whispered.

"I already told you, you can lock me up or pretend to you never saw me." Senta answered.

"I'm going to knock the daylights out of her." Astrid thought, frowning.

"So, what's it going to be?" Senta questioned.

"I don't think my dad will be too please with a criminal hiding in Berk, so I guess we will have to lock you up."

"Alright then, let's get on with it. It's not like I have better things to do." she said and everyone looked at her , no one questioned her and headed back. Each rider climbed on their dragon and took off towards the village, with Toothless holding Senta in his claws.

End
file.